

as for nearly 150 years the Popes have fallen from all the virtues of their predecessors, and have become *Apostates* rather than *Apostles*.' I can understand how the illustrious Baronius must have blushed when he narrated the acts of these Roman Bishops. Speaking of John XI. (931), natural son of Pope Sergius and of Marozia, he wrote these words in his annals—'The holy Church, that is, the Roman, has been vilely trampled on by such a monster.' John XII (956) elected Pope at the age of eighteen, through the influence of courtesans, was not one whit better than his predecessor. I grieve my venerable brethren, to stir up so much filth, I am silent on Alexander VI., father and lover of Lucretia; I turn away from John XXII. (1319), who denied the immortality of the soul, and was deposed by the holy Ecumenical Council of Constance. Some will maintain that this Council was only a private one; let it be so; but if you refuse any authority to it, as a logical sequence you must hold the nomination of Martin V. as illegal. What, then, will become of the Papal succession? Can you find the thread of it? I do not speak of the schisms which have dishonoured the Church. In those unfortunate days the see of Rome was occupied by two, and even sometimes by three competitors. Which of these was the true Pope? Resuming once more; again I say, if you decree the infallibility of the present Bishop of Rome, you must establish the infallibility of all the preceding ones, without excluding any; but can you do that when history is there establishing with a clearness equal only to that of the sun, that the Popes have erred in their teaching? Could you do it and maintain that avaricious, incestuous, murdering, simoniacal Popes have been Vicars of Jesus Christ? Oh! venerable brethren, to maintain such an enormity would be to betray Christ worse than Judas; it would be to throw dirt in His face. My venerable brethren, you cry out; but would it not be more dignified to weigh my reasons and my proofs in the balance of the sanctuary? Believe me, history cannot be made over again; it is there, and will remain to all eternity to protest energetically against the dogma of Papal Infallibility. You may proclaim it unanimously; but one vote will be wanting, and that is mine! The true faithful, Monsignori, have their eyes on us; expecting from us a remedy for the innumerable evils which dishonor the church; will you deceive them in their hopes? What will not our responsibility before God be, if we let this solemn occasion pass which God has given us to heal the true faith? Let us seize it, my brethren: let us arm ourselves with a holy courage; let us make a violent and generous effort; let us turn to the teaching of the Apostles, since without that we have only errors, darkness and false traditions. Let us avail ourselves of our reason and of our intelligence to take the Apostles and Prophets as our only infallible masters with reference to the question of questions, 'What must I do to be saved?' When we have decided that, we shall have laid the foundation of our dogmatic system, firm and immovable on the rock, lasting and incorruptible, of the divinely inspired Holy Scriptures. Full of confidence we will go before the world and, like the Apostle Paul, in presence of free-thinkers, we will 'know none other than Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.' We will conquer through the preaching of 'the folly of the Cross,' as Paul conquered the learned men of Greece and Rome; and the Roman Church will have its glorious 89. Your cries, Monsignori, do not frighten me. If my words are hot my head is cool. I am neither of Luther, nor of Calvin, nor of Paul, nor of Apollos; but of Christ. Anathema! Monsignori, anathema! You know well that you are not protesting against me, but against the Holy Apostles, under whose protection I should wish this Council to place the Church. Ah! if covered with their winding-sheets they came out of their tombs, would they speak a language different from mine? What would you say to them when by their writings they tell you that the Papacy has deviated from the Gospel of the Son of God, which they have preached and confirmed in so generous a manner by their blood? Would you dare to say to them—We prefer the teaching of our own Popes, our Bellarmine, our Ignatius Loyola, to yours? No, no; a thousand times no; unless you have shut your ears that you may not hear, closed your eyes that you may not see, blunted your minds that you may not understand. Ah! if He who reigns above wishes to punish us, make his hand fall heavily upon us, as He did to Pharaoh, he has no need to permit Garibaldi's soldiers to drive us from the eternal city. He has only to let them make Pius IX. a god, as we have made a goddess of the blessed Virgin. Stop, stop, venerable brethren, on the odious and ridiculous incline on which you have

placed yourselves : save the Church from the shipwreck which threatens her, asking from the Holy Scriptures alone for the rule of faith which we ought to believe and to profess. I have spoken : may God help me !”

These last words were received with the signs of disapprobation like those in the pit of a theatre. All the Fathers rose—many left the hall. A good many Italians, Americans, and Germans, and a little sprinkling of French and English, surrounded the courageous speaker, and with a brotherly grasp of the hand, showed that they agreed in his way of thinking. This discourse, which in the sixteenth century would have procured for the courageous Bishop the glory of dying at the stake, in the present century provoked the contempt of Pius IX., and of all those who desire to abuse the ignorance of the peoples. Poor blinded ones, they will fall themselves into the pit which they have made for others.